

The Historie.

Of all the Court and princes of my blood,
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruind, and the soule of euery man
Prophetically do forethinke thy fall:
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar companie,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode,
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their children this is he:
Others would say, where, which is Bullingbrooke?
And then I stole all curtisie from heauen,
And drest my selfe in such humilitie
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts,
Loud shouts, and salutations from their mouths,
Euen in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keepe my person fresh and new,
My presence like a roabe pontificall,
Nere seene but wondred at, and so my state
Seldome, but sumptuous shewd like a feast,
And wan by rarenesse such solemnitie.
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With shallow iesters, and rash bayin wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,
Mingled his royaltie with capring fooles,
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,
And gaue his countenance against his name
To laugh at gibbing boyes, and stand the push
Of euery beardedleffe vaine comparatiue,
Grew a companion to the common streetes,
Enseof himselfe to popularitie,
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,
They surfetted with honie, and began to loath
The taste of sweetnesse, whereof a little

More

of Henry the fo

More then a little, is by much too mu
So when he had occasion to be seene,
He was but as the Cuckoe is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: Seene, but with
As sicke and blunted with communi
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.
Such as is bent on sun-like maiestie,
When it shines seldome in admiring
But rather drowzd, and hung their ei
Slept in his face, and rendred such asp
As cloudy men vse to their aduersari
Being with his presence glutted, gorge
And in that very line Harry standest t
For thou hast lost thy princely priuile
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a weary of thy common sight,
Saue mine, which hath desired to see
Which now doth that I would not ha
Make blind it selfe with foolish tend

Prin. I shall hereafter my thrice g
Be more my selfe. *King.* For a
As thou art to this houre was Richard
When I from France set foot at Raue
And euen as I was than, is Percy now
Now by my scepter, and my soule to
He hath more worthie interest to the
Then thou the shadow of succession.
For of no right, nor colour like to righ
He doth fill fields with harnesse in th
Turnes head against the lions armed
And being no more in debt to yeares
Leads ancient Lords, and reuerend B
To bloudie battailes, and to bruising
What neuer dying honour hath he g
Against ren owmed Dowglas? Who
Whose hot incursions, and great nan
Holds from al souldiors chiefe maior
And militarie title capitall.

G. I.